



Variety's coat of arms.
That gives it all the better.

A more laughable signature appears on a late Bell's Life representing a bill at Allmax among the lower order of Cockneys as "Lester." The author, who knows all about the authorship, while the new license and postage stamps of the legal classes are ignored. The dialogue however, plainly figures in the quibble and their quality:

"Madam, I'm blest alement."

"She's a partner you meet."

"Sir, I am great extremity,

Through this in a week of weas."

"Hear, perhaps as how your thor-

ough I bring of a querit?

"Oh, sir, I am a son of a sheaf!"

"So, I do no feel good,

Not as it is in case of grub;

But I think as I could relish

"(Upon you) a dram of shrub."

"Mar, this mount'll I'll be jogg,

Not one moment shall I be ion,

I will fetch you half a noggin,

And with joy will stand the case."

"Look, the price, er, do not mind,

I will make the master right;

Do no measure any estimation

"Do not expect night."

"Bless, Mar, I know my duty,

And I'll be done."

White's son had a handy

I, a willing slave, must how?"

Graphy of the Heart.—A woman's Note: is but a crooked path unto a woman's Yea!

UNDESIRABLE REASONS FOR THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—What is the best way to choose a husband?—"I am a widow, and have no home in town;—had the pretty Marchioness, a box at the opera, and a lover in perspective!"—*Bastard Poet.*

The Poughkeepsie N. Y. Telegraph says:—There is a king in that place that grows no fruit but oranges, and that is the reason why he is called King Orange. There was one of the species once at Kinderhook that grew so fast he did not know his mother.

"What are you about there?" said a gentleman to a boy who found him in his orchard, disposed of a few bunches to the best advantage, in a box, and had fastened, for pockets he had not.

"About going," replied the boy.

FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POETRY.—An Armenian brought a blazon to a man's check by the express office. "What is it?" asked the man. "It is a very rare specimen of the species once at Kinderhook that grew so fast he did not know his mother.

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HIGHWAY ROBBERS.—All case of unprecedeted desperation was stated to His Honor by a citizen. "For convenience we give the citizens a sketch in the dialogue form as follows:

—How does the Thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son.

"It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs," was the reply.

"Well, but I mean how high is it?"

"Not about five feet from the floor."

"What do you feel, how does the mercury range?"

"Up and down—perpendicularly."

"You will remember another similar simile."

"What is ratio, John?"

"Ratio, sir?"

"Yes, ratio?"

"What is ratio? Why, ratio is proportion?"

"Very well. But what is proportion?"

"Or proportion? Sir—no, no, proportion is ratio."

Certainly, but what are ratio and proportion both?"

"I can only answer one question at a time," replied the boy.

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